Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fits my degree, or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunes your high request,
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the Crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a barke to brooke no mighty sea,
Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked thers no need for me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruit,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seate of Maiesty;
And make, no doubt, vs happy by his raigne,
On him I lay what you would on me:
The right and fortune of his happy starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buc. My Lord, this argues conscience in your Grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that *Edward* is your brothers sonne,
So say we too, but not by *Edwards* wife;
For first he was contracted to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues a witnesse to that vow,
And afterwards by substitute betrothed
To *Bona* sister to the King of *France*,
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widdow,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made price and purchace of his lustfull eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To base declention loathed bigamy,
By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

fitteth
ripe
smothered
lay
a
prise
and
his

This *Edward*, whom our manners terme the Prince:
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue
I giue a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignity?
If not to blesse vs and the Land withall.
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of a busy time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued course.

May. Doe good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.

Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.

Glo. Alas, why should you heape those cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignity:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot nor I will not yeild to you.

Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the child your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And equally indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you except our suit or no,
Your brothers son shall neuer raigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and downefall of your house:
And in this resolution here I leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds, ile intreat no more.

Glo. O doe not sweare my Lord of *Buckingham*.

Cat. Call them againe my Lord, and accept their suite.

Ano. Do good my Lord, least all the Land do rew it.

Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well call them againe, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intents,
Albeit against my conscience, and my soule;
Cousin of *Buckingham*, and you sage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue patience to endure the loade.

abusing
would
accept
we
intreats
her

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.24) Octavo